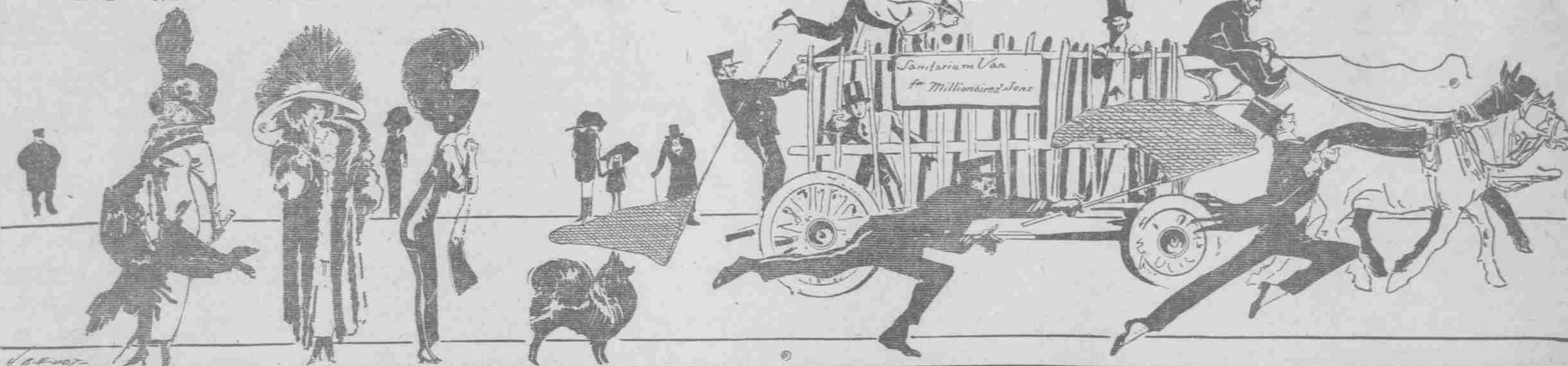


"Some day I expect to see the sanitarium wagons chasing along Broadway like the old dog catcher did, netting Percy, the Millionaire's Son here and there and rushing him away to safety."



Why No Chorus Girl Can Afford to Wed a Millionaire's Son.

"Times Have Changed," Says Miss Young. "Once It Was Forgiveness and Wealth Ever After! Now It's the Sanitarium for Him and a Decree for Her!—Papa Has Grown Wise!"

TEN years ago the occupation of marrying millionaires' sons was a lucrative one for the gifted and beautiful chorus girl. Wealth, beyond the dreams of avarice, automobiles, yachts and residences abroad were theirs after the first painful shock of encounter with their husbands' family.

But gradually a great change has come over this industry. Son, instead of forgiveness and an increased allowance, gets a free ticket to a sanitarium and a business-like statement that his divorce will be secured without delay! Daughter-in-law, instead of a share of the millions and a trip to gay Paris, is

By Sue Young
THINGS have changed so! Above my corner of the dressing table in our cave at the Casino, some-

of a heart. And I said: "Hearts nothing. It ought to be a padlock. That stands for what millionaires do to their sons who marry us stage ladies!"

Things have changed so! Papas have grown so stern and cruel. I want to warn all chorus girls now that there's nothing in it any more. Ten years ago—well, it was different.

When I wrote to Mr. Dillon "as chorus girls can't afford to waste time now with daffydillies and millionaires' sons" I wrote the truth.

I knew a millionaire's son last winter. I'm going to be real frank. I really loved him, but his father cut up awful. He said: "If you don't stay away from that girl I'll throw you out of the house! And I'll tell that butler to kick you out if you try!"

And that cruel father would have done body, maybe worse, has chalked in black letters on the whitewashed bricks, "Nut Dillon."

I'm glad and sorry it's there. Glad, because it is a constant warning to us girls not to let our hearts run away with our brains. Sorry, because it shows things HAVE changed so!

Whenever I or any of the girls who come to see me look at that black sign, "Nut Dillon," we stop and think it over. I had a narrow escape and I put down my rabbit's foot and put my shoulder three or four times while I'm making up.

Maidie DeLong, my partner, said last night after I'd done it: "Sue, you've left some rouge on your shoulder; but, of course, you don't mind, for it's the shape it. We both know it. Ten years ago he wouldn't have kept up kicking, but now he would."

The boy was in college and his father would have taken him out. He would have turned him into the street without a dollar, though he owns a million dollars worth of New York stores. So we stopped seeing each other. What else was there to do?

Might have been happy just on love? That's all rot—love doesn't pay for itself. I don't believe a girl from a rich family who ran away with a poor man was ever happy. She probably was for a time, but when the novelty of having a husband wore off—and it doesn't last long when there isn't any money—why, then, all the things that girl has had for the asking all her life and didn't have then, came up and made her hungry. They'd become a habit, you see.

"He made his will in my favor," says Vida Whitmore, "and all he had to leave was debts." THIS is Miss Whitmore thinking over man's deceit.



PHOTOS BY WHITE



Now, it is the same way with a chorus girl. She doesn't make much money. But she's entertained a lot. She has automobiles, rides, and fine dinners, and good wines, and jewels. After a while she thinks she can't get along without these things. They get into her blood. And she can't! If she does she's unhappy. Love can't fill their place. And it's the same way with a millionaire's son.

And so I gave him up, even though it was hard. We quit seeing each other. After that, along came this mutt. That's what the girls call the fellows they don't like. When they do like them they call them "kiddies."

I met Joe Dillon at Churchill's one night. I was there with some friends and he introduced us. He took me to dinner three or four times. After a while he told me that I was the girl he was in love with. He asked me if I would marry him.

"Will your father forgive you?" I asked.

"Sure," he said.

"Never, never!" I answered.

"Fathers aren't like that any more. I wouldn't take a chance with any millionaire's son unless his father asked me. You'd soon be in a sanitarium."

The next day was Sunday, and he asked me to go out motoring. There were some boys I knew and I took along Russle—she's a friend I used

to go to school with in Washington—as a chaperon. We never got to Boston. When we reached New Haven Dillon insisted upon getting married. I was disgusted, and said: "Wait a few days." He said: "No, now's the time." We went around the town trying to find a Justice of the Peace. I'm so thankful to those boys because they tried not to find a J. P. It got late and Russle and I went to a hotel and the boys went out and stayed with some Yale pals. Next morning Dillon called me up and I asked him if he wasn't glad he wasn't married, and he said no. But then I'd gotten my ideas back again and it was all off that time.

First thing I knew I heard about his sister Adrienne and some college boy friends trying to kidnap him in an auto while he was waiting for me at the theatre. Then his house called up and asked if I knew Joe had broken his engagement with a nice girl for me. Then I saw he had announced he was married to me and that his father had put him away in a sanitarium. Then I said: "Sue, you were dead right. The old days have gone. What can a poor chorus girl do against papa's new idea, his millions and his sanitarium friends?" So I told Joseph's folks to be sure to keep their boy at home, or I'd have him put away myself.

My dears! What an escape! To think that just for the foolish idea of "being game" I'd have married him at New Ha-

Listen to This Chorus from the Mourners' Corner:

"MY husband has been stolen from me—That's the word, stolen. When my husband told his millionaire father that he had married me he said, 'You're crazy,' and had him locked up in a sanitarium. It was the first time Roy had been called crazy! I leave it to any one who knows me—even those who have seen my photograph—whether a man would have to be crazy to marry me!"
Mrs. Roy Pierce, formerly "Lady Betty" Chapman.

"I'M through! I guess George tried hard enough to earn a living but it isn't in him. The living-making stuff is left out of millionaires' sons. No, I'm going back to the stage and forget I ever had a husband aired by a millionaire. If he'd been of good middle class stock he might have been able to care for me. The very words 'millionaires' sons' make me ill."
Mrs. George Mulligan, formerly Bessie Van Ness.

"I'VE finished. I've engaged a lawyer to get a divorce for me. I'm going to get out of trouble by a jump through the divorce hoop. Harry's mother heard he liked me and had him sent to a sanitarium. I got him out. We were married and tried chicken ranching. We couldn't make it a go. I went back to the music hall stage to support Harry and me. She sent him back to an asylum. I'm through. Millions are stronger than maids, especially merry, merry maids."
Mrs. Harry Rheinstrom, formerly Edna Loftus.

"I HAD known Mr. Hall two years when we were married. That shows you never find them out until you marry them. He made a will leaving me everything he possessed. That was funny for he didn't have anything—but debts. He got me to pawn all the jewels I had, saying he didn't want to see them about as reminders. He promised me a twenty-five thousand dollar pearl necklace in their place. That necklace was a dream. So are millionaires' sons, now."
Mrs. Mandeville de Marigny Hall, formerly Vida Whitmore.

"YES, I've gone back to the stage, not because I wanted to, but because I had to! My husband did the best he could, but a millionaire's little boy can't do much. I had to take the big end of earning the living for us both. I cooked our meals on a gas stove and washed our small pieces and hung them on a window pane to dry. I tried living on half of seven dollars a week. And I'm back on the stage where all girls who marry millionaires' sons are liable to find themselves."
Mrs. William Schwencker, formerly Mae Murray.

"MILLIONAIRES are troubled with a worse loss of memory than a man who dodges his taxes or the correspondent in a divorce case. They forget all about the time they were young and a girl's eyes made their hearts jump. Their hearts turn to leather as their pockets fill with money. I can forgive Tom for he is a boy, only eighteen, but I can never forgive his father for taking him away from me. Thank heaven I have a good mother-in-law and she takes my part and gives me a home. If only she and Tom's father weren't separated we might be happy yet."
Mrs. Thomas Franklin Manville, Jr., formerly Florence Huber.

"Us chorus girls can't afford to waste our time on these Daffy Dillies of Millionaire's sons," Says Miss Sue Young—THIS is Miss Young. "Papa has grown too wise."

ven! He was so persistent. The trouble with so many of us is that nobody stops to think. Why, all the girls have to do is to stop dreaming for a minute and think, or, if they can't think, remember!

Ten years ago it was so different—yes, five years ago. But since then there's only one marriage that's turned out well, and that, they say, hasn't been so very happy. That's Edith Kelly's with Frank Gould. Oh, yes, and the girl from "Havana" who married Secretary of State Knox's son. I believe that's all right. But two swallows don't make a summer, and that isn't enough encouragement to make us think things are the same old way again.

There's Florence Huber. Poor Flo! She married a fellow she met in the lobby. He was Tommy Manville. He came up to her after a matinee and said: "I like your looks." And she answered: "And I like yours." That was the beginning. In two days they were married. But what happened in about ten days, when his dad, "Asbestos King" Manville came back from Europe? "Wait here, dear, till I get father's consent," said hubby. And Flo waited and waited for a week. The little dove-cote on Riverside Drive was given up, because there wasn't any money to pay the rent and father wouldn't come across. Flossie left to weep, and Tommy, hypnotized by papa, says he's willing to divorce the girl he married last June.

And Mae Murray. Every time a girl feels her head whirl around when a fellow gives her the soft talk she ought to sit in a corner and look at the wall and think of poor Mae. And Mae was out of the chorus and doing show girl stunts when she met Willie Schwencker, son of the New York millionaire. And now the girls call her "Silly Billy," for, though she married a millionaire's son, father was hungry and Mae had to do the family washing and cook their meals on a gas stove, and the two of them lived on \$7 a week he earned as a chauffeur. And his father a millionaire ten times over! Did she quit? She did.

But that's not all. Look at Edna Loftus! One of the prettiest girls that ever walked Broadway. She got engaged to Harry Rheinstrom, son of an awfully rich Cincinnati distiller, and his ma got scared because he'd spent 10,000 dollars in presents for Edna, though she was a millionaire's herself, and chased him off to a sanitarium. Fine for these millionaires, isn't it? Making out their own brain and blood are crazy. Wonder if the doctors ever find out the boys inherited it from pop?

Then Edna got him loose and they tried the simple life and making their own way independently on a chicken farm in California. Mamma Rheinstrom got Harry away and it was the sanitarium again for him. And the way "Lady Betty" Chapman was treated would make your powder bag weep. They say she jilted a baron, one of the Rothschilds, for Roy Pierce, the son of Millionaire H. Clay Pierce, of the Standard Oil Company. She married him, good and fast, but what happened? A paltry twenty-five thousand dollars, "You're crazy," and off went Roy to a crazy house, just on that evidence and because he smoked a few cigarettes, and the padlock's still on Roy and the kibosh on Bessie, for the marriage has been annulled.

Look at Bessie Van Ness. She married George Mulligan, the son of the multimillionaire, lived in the house in Jersey where McCurdy died, and all that, and what did she do for George? Took her into their home, took care of her, let her ornament the hearthside? Nonsense! Although George pretended to take carbolic acid in his father's office, father wouldn't relent. Not papa. He said: "You've got your chorus girl; keep her; but you won't get anything else."

Well, Bessie, not being strong enough to take in washing and George not making out at giving her three square meals a day, she had to shuffle off the marriage bonds. She's threatening to sue her father-in-law for alienation of something. Anyway, she's not together. It's one grand bust up. And there's Vida Whitmore. Poor, dear Vida! You must have been asleep if you didn't hear about the bad deal she got. She married Mandeville de Marigny Hall, son of a fabulously wealthy New Yorker and cousin of Duke of Villanbrosa. What did she get? All her lovely diamonds and rubies in pawn. A suit for bigamy because Hall was in such a hurry to marry her he completely forgot he was still married to somebody else. Oh, dear!

Some day I expect to see the sanitarium wagons chasing along Broadway like the old dog catchers did, netting Percy, the Millionaire's son, here and there and rushing them away to safety. We won't care. They're a nuisance—now papa has discovered the padded cell.

"Why, son, why did you marry her?" "I was just crazy over her, dear papa!" "And you're still crazy, son!"

Ding! Ding! Down goes the curtain on Harold's struggles. Nevermore—the sketch is played out!